

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. VII.

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 12

To the Infant Jesus

O King of Heaven! from starry throne descending,
Thou takest refuge in that wretched cave,
O God of bliss! I see Thee cold and trembling,
What pain it cost Thee fallen man to save!

Thou of a thousand worlds the great Creator,
Dost now the pain of cold and want endure;
Thy poverty but makes Thee more endearing
For well I know 'tis love has made Thee poor.

I see Thee leave Thy Heavenly Father's bosom,
But whither has Thy love transported Thee?
Upon a little straw I see Thee lying;
Why suffer thus? 'Tis all for love of me.

But if it is Thy will for me to suffer,
And by these sufferings my heart to move,
Wherefore, my Jesus, do I see Thee weeping?
'Tis not for pain Thou weeppest, but for love.

Thou weepest thus to see me so ungrateful,
My sins have pierced Thee to the very core:
I once despised Thy love, but now I love Thee,
I love but Thee; then Jesus, weep no more.

Thou sleepest, Lord, but Thy heart ever watches,
No slumber can a heart so loving take!
But tell me, darling Babe, of what Thou thinkest,
"I think," He says, "of dying for thy sake."

Is it for me that Thou dost think of dying?
What, then, , O Jesus! can I love but Thee?
Mary, my hope! if I love him too little
Be not indignant—love Him thou for me.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

More enthusiastic than a child over a new toy was Father Hogan over his recently completed school. He loved every brick in its walls and every board in its floors. The fond dream of ten years had at last been realized, and he chuckled to think how his little ones, the dearest portion of his flock, would point to the new building and proudly say: "That's *our* school!"

He had invited his friend and neighbor, Father Casey, to preach the dedication sermon. It must have been a striking sermon for, immediately after the function, Professor Underwaite, principal of the public school, called at the rectory, with fire smouldering in his academic eye, to demand an apology of the strange priest who had come to their town "to offer gratuitous insults to every citizen not of his own religious persuasion".

Father Hogan enjoyed his joke as well as the next one. "I'll call himself, sir," he told the professor, and hastened upstairs to announce to the unsuspecting Father Casey: "A learned professor in the parlor wants a word with you on educational matters, Father Tim, dear".

Arrived at the parlor, Father Casey was handed a card from which he read aloud: "Professor I. J. A. Underwaite, Principal". Then he added: "Father Timothy Casey, at your service," and he dropped into a chair motioning the visitor to another.

To his surprise the stranger remained standing and began in measured tones:

"I am here, Reverend Sir, not on a visit of courtesy, but to demand a public apology for your breach of courtesy in publicly stigmatizing the educational institution over which I preside as a godless school."

"Why I am sure," protested Father Casey, "I did not even mention your school in my sermon."

"You spoke of public schools as godless schools. And I am principal of the public school of this town."

"Perhaps I should not have said it," the priest admitted. "I seldom use the term, for I deprecate anything that would give offense to my non-Catholic fellow citizens. But surely you will not deny that our public schools, taken as a whole, are godless schools."

"I most emphatically deny it, sir."

"Still you admit," continued the priest, "that the system allows of

no religious test and that therefore the instructors can be atheists as well as believers."

"Yet I contend," retorted the professor, "that the atheist instructors are very few. It is unwarranted to dub the public schools godless because, in a few exceptional cases, the teachers happen to be unbelievers. If you knew anything of the schools which you condemn in such sweeping terms, you would know that in the great majority of them the name of God is held in reverence."

"If at present atheist instructors happen to be the exception, is not that due to accident rather than to the system? However, I waive the question whether that system may not rightly be called godless which makes no provision to exclude teachers who profess disbelief in God. Let us turn to your second proposition. You say that in the vast majority of public schools the name of God is held in reverence. That is not enough. You must have more than the name of God—you must have God Himself in your schools or they are godless."

"I see, Reverend Sir," returned the professor in his most cutting ironical tone, "you are an adept at Jesuitical quibbling."

"Jesuitical fiddlesticks!" cried Father Casey. "If none but a Jesuit can see any distinction between the name of God and God Himself, then none but a Jesuit has been born with brains. I should have supposed that even a public school professor could grasp the fact that it is God Himself, not the name of God, that created the heavens and the earth."

"I see that very clearly," replied the professor, "and I see with equal clearness that whoever holds the name of God in reverence is not godless."

"There never was a tribe of pagans," said the priest, "but what held the name of God, or some name of the same significance, in reverence. Would you condemn me for calling pagans godless?"

"Certainly not. But that is quite another thing. They have a false idea of God. It is therefore they are called godless."

"Exactly!" cried Father Casey. "So too have you."

"Sir!"

"Yes, sir! You exclude religion from child training, and—"

"We exclude the teaching of any particular creed—we do not exclude the teaching of religion in the broader sense," interrupted the professor.

"If the child is taught no particular creed in school, it will, in most cases, grow up indifferent to creeds."

"Then," said the professor, "when it reaches maturity of judgment, it will be free to choose a creed unhampered by early prejudices."

"You would not dare to apply that principle to patriotism—how can you apply it to religion, which, like patriotism, depends more on the early training of the heart than on later study of the intellect? Do you think that such a mode of procedure can be pleasing to God?"

"Unquestionably I do."

"That is proof," declared the priest, "that you have a false idea of God. God has taught a creed—not creeds, but a creed—that creed, and that creed alone, is true; all others that differ from it even in a single point are and must be false. To imagine a God who does not care what creed we profess, is to imagine a God indifferent to truth and falsehood, to right and wrong—an idea of God as false as that of any pagan who ever bowed down before a god of stone."

"When the child grows up, we expect him to choose the creed which he believes to be true."

"Scant grounds have you," retorted the priest, "to expect him to study and investigate in order to discover the true creed when you have taught him to be indifferent to all creeds. You have taught him to adore a God indifferent to the true creed or false creeds or any creeds at all. Your public school graduate will be well content to go through life worshipping this false god rather than the true God who has revealed distinct truths and made definite laws and commands all men to believe the former and observe the latter."

"We do not," said the professor, "teach the child to be indifferent about particular creeds. We simply say nothing about them."

"If that is not teaching indifference to creeds, I know not what is. Day after day you insist upon the importance of arithmetic, history, and the other worldly sciences and say never a word about the importance of believing the true creed. You could not find a more effectual way of impressing upon the impressionable mind of the child that the profession of the true creed is a matter of indifference."

"That," said the professor, "is the domain of the home and of the church—the school is the place for worldly sciences only."

"Your school is—but not God's school. This talk about the home and the church being sufficient to give the child a thorough grounding in his faith—his most important affair in life—is pardonable in igno-

rant persons who know nothing about child training. You, who have devoted your life to school work, know how little the home and the church have to do with the training of the average child today. The few brief moments which parents, priests, or minister have the child for religious instruction are wholly inadequate to counteract the impressions of religious indifference which it receives five days a week in the school. Teresa Hunt Wolcott, in the Ladies' Home Journal for September, 1919, says: 'According to reliable figures that have been compiled by religious and philanthropic organizations twelve million of these [American] children are absolutely without religious instruction of any kind.' Now, Professor, a child absolutely without religious instruction is a pagan. When your public schools turn out twelve million pagans, can you blame me for calling them godless?" Father Casey paused for a moment, then asked abruptly: "Do you believe in hell?"

The professor gave a start as though this might be the prelude to a burst of profanity. Who knows what one of those horrid Irish priests is going to do next?

"Y-yes," he answered meekly.

"Eternal hell—where every one that dies in unforgiven mortal sin upon his soul is punished forever?" persisted the priest.

The professor had had time to catch his breath. Once more he was ready to do battle, nay, even to provoke to battle, for he said:

"I certainly do not believe in *that* barbarous doctrine. All intelligent men have long since eschewed such mediaeval terrorism. However I—er—surmise that many in the Roman Church still morbidly cling to it."

"Pardon me, Professor," returned Father Casey sweetly, "do not say that *many* in the Roman Church believe it, but, everybody in the Roman Catholic Church believes it. It is a truth that God has revealed, and whoever does not believe it is not a Catholic. Remember the Catholic Church is not, like the Protestant churches, a debating society, where each member believes what chances to suit his convenience or please his passing fancy. The Catholic Church, the divine institution commissioned to preserve and to teach uncompromisingly all that God has revealed, is as dogmatical in what she obliges her members to believe as Christ, her Founder, who said: 'He that believeth not shall be condemned.' But why, pray, do you call this doctrine of hell barbarous?"

"Because," returned the professor, "we know that God is a loving,

merciful Father. It is preposterous to suppose that He should take delight in torturing for all eternity one of His poor weak children who had fallen into some fault of human frailty."

"There again," cried Father Casey, "with your own lips you confess that you have a false idea of God. The true God must be an infinitely perfect Being. Therefore He must be infinitely holy and infinitely just as well as infinitely merciful. Practically you have said that God makes light of grievous sin. But grievous sin—a fully deliberate and free violation of the moral law—is diametrically opposed to holiness. The God who makes light of it is not infinitely holy—he is a false God. Furthermore you say that He cannot punish the sinner forever. If He were merciful alone, and not just, he could not do so. But in that case He would not be the true God. The sinner who dies unrepentant is eternally at enmity with God. Eternal punishment for such a one is just. God Himself has revealed to us that, as He rewards the good forever in heaven, so He punishes His enemies forever in hell. You say you cannot think of a God doing such a thing. That is because you cannot think of a God who is infinitely just as well as infinitely merciful. It proves, what I have been telling you all along, that you do not worship the one true God, but an idol fabricated by your own mind. Though God Himself has revealed the doctrine of an eternal hell, you reject His divine word rather than give up your false idea of Him."

"You Catholics," sneered the professor, "prate about the justice of God, yet you make Him a veritable monster of injustice by teaching that He excludes innocent children from the joys of heaven simply because they did not happen to be baptized before they died."

"You hold," queried Father Casey, "that according to that doctrine God would be unjust towards those children?"

"Most certainly."

"Give me the definition—this is the joy of arguing with a professor, we can have clear cut definitions and thus know what we are talking about—give me the definition of injustice."

"Injustice is defined as the unwarranted violation of another's strict right."

"I thank you! Now, let us see—a man has certain strict rights in regard to his fellow men. They cannot violate these rights without doing him injustice. Good! We agree perfectly on that point. But am I to understand you to say that a created being—an unbaptized infant, for instance—has certain strict rights in regard to God?"

"You are, Reverend Sir, so to understand me."

"Then I must repeat once more, much as it pains me to do so, that you, esteemed Professor, and the thousands of teachers who hold with you, are ignorant of the one true God. You have just said that man has strict rights with regard to God. There is an infinitely greater disparity between man and God than there is between the potter and the vessel of clay he has formed with his own hands. You would not say that that vessel of clay has any rights in regard to the man who formed it, yet you hold that man has rights in regard to God. This is to claim equal footing with God—to drag Him down to your own level. It is to reject the true God who is the absolute Lord of all creation and to turn to a false God with a nature like your own. And that is what so many of you Protestants do. You do not look upon God as the supreme Master of all created things. You look upon Him rather as a respectable neighbor with whom it pays to be on friendly terms. When you pray, you *patronize* God; you tell Him what *you* are going to do for Him, and you expect Him to be highly complimented thereby. You do not realize that you could not in all your life think a single good thought or perform a single good act unless God came and helped you to do it—that you could never repent of your sins unless God came and helped you to be sorry for them. That is why your prayers are more like a neighborly talk than like the humble, trustful pleading of a creature calling upon its Creator for the divine help that will make repentance and salvation possible and easy—that divine help which the creature knows can be had for each day's need in return for each day's asking. This same false idea of God—this proudly dragging Him down to your level—is what throws so many of you Protestants into hopeless mental confusion on the occasion of some world-wide calamity like war or pestilence, or some irreparable private loss like the death of a loved one or the destruction of a fortune. You know that a neighbor would be unjust were he wilfully to bring such sorrows upon you, and, since your God is nothing to you but an equal, you are hopelessly at sea trying to explain His action. Worst of all, it is this false idea of God which keeps you out of the peace and security of the one true fold and leaves you wandering aimlessly amid the darkness of a myriad of conflicting sects without guide or goal. The true faith is a gift of God. Until you learn to know the true God and bend your proud knees before Him and say to Him with a full realization of your misery and helplessness and your total dependence upon Him: My God, show me

the light and give me the strength to follow it—until you do that you will never receive the one true faith by which He wills all men to be saved. With which few remarks, Professor, I shall conclude, and believe me, as soon as you show me that you yourself know the true God and that you train the children under your care to know and love Him, I shall gladly apologize for calling your schools godless."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

FATHER

We read many a page of eloquence in regard to mother; but why do we not read as much about father? Is it because he is less deserving? Not at all; it is perhaps because on account of his necessary absence from home we do not see so much of him, or perhaps we look upon what father does and suffers as a matter of course and consequently do not fully realize the great amount of golden virtue that lies beneath his unpretentious exterior. We know father is the divinely constituted head of the family; that to him is due obedience and respect; that he should govern with firmness and due charity; and that we have a right to expect good example from him and the consequent duty to imitate this example; but at times we seem *not* to know what virtue is demanded of him daily.

Many indeed are the virtues of a good father. Who can count the hours of worry and work in order to support the family frugally and comfortably? What about the loving husband whose wife has become an invalid? He is just as faithful and ardent in his love, just as attentive to her as when she was well and able to care for the home. Who is the support and strength of the family but the father? He bears the brunt and heat of the daily battle for the loved ones at home. Who can tell what it costs him to work when he can barely stand on his feet? When sickness would fain lay him low, only his iron will and unbounded love bear him up. Behold him:

"Plodding along in the daily strife
Bearing the whips and scorns of life
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is no telling how heroically he forgets the crosses of the day in order to meet the dear ones at home with a cheerful smile. And oh!

what virtue is his as he resignedly bears personal sickness and inability to work, though doctor and druggist bills consume his meagre savings and no pay is coming in! Look at his kindness and patience even when he must justly reprove, though his nerves are taut from the day's heavy strain. And if we consider well a father's trials and hardships, we can not but realize what an amount of genuine faith and trust in God's Providence must be his, a faith akin to that of the father whose lunatic boy was cured by Our Lord. We all know this incident from the Gospel: how the disciples were unable to drive out the evil spirit from the boy and how the father had recourse to Jesus and Our Lord reproved the disciples for their want of faith and then told the father that if he believed the boy would be cured. When Jesus placed this condition, "immediately the father of the boy crying out, with tears said: I do believe, Lord; *help Thou my unbelief!*" (S. Mark IX, 22-23). What undiluted faith! What childlike confidence and profound humility in this prayer for an increase of faith! And he wept!—this in a man is unusual; for, a father, being a man, can not so easily give vent to his feelings or assuage his grief by tears as women can; and therefore his grief is so much the deeper and the harder to bear, just because it is pent up within him and gnaws his very vitals. Verily, the father of the lunatic boy well illustrates the faith that is in every good father recommending the wants of his family to the Sacred Heart. Such a father, conscientious and full of faith, realizes his own shortcomings as well as his position and responsibility. On the other hand, thoughtful children sympathise with him in his trials, and realize how hard his task and how great his responsibility is. Would that certain youths and maidens remembered this when they are tempted to be uppish, to answer back snappishly when they seek to have their own sweet way! Would they thought of this when he grows old and feeble. "And if his understanding fail," says Holy Writ, "have patience with him and despise him not when thou art in thy strength, for relieving of the father shall not be forgotten" (Eccli. III, 15). Dutiful children will remember that their future blessing is mainly founded upon, originates in, and draws its very life from the wise counsels and good example of father. Though God has promised even temporal blessings to those who love, honor, and obey their parents, such children will have an eye more to the eternal reward, and for God's sake they will second father's every effort, gladly anticipate his wishes and help him bear his daily crosses. "He that honoureth his father shall have joy

in his own children and in the day of his prayer he shall be heard. He that honoureth his father shall enjoy a long life; and he that obeyeth the father, shall be a comfort to his mother" (Eccli. III, 6-7). The attitude of every dutiful child is that expressed in the following poem, entitled "Daddy Knows":

"Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy.
And the tale may bide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.
He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking
Oh more times than I can tell
And has often known the aching
That a boy's heart knows so well."

—*The Echo*, Jan. 2, 1919.

And even if father has faults? What of it? Have not *we* faults too? And when we behold father's many virtues we can well afford to close an eye to his faults; the wonder is that his faults are not more numerous, considering all he daily has to undergo and pass through. And a good wife, in the words of "Probation" (by Maria Longworth Storer), "won't hear a word against her mam from any outsider, however often she may tell him what she thinks of him." In the same book (Probation) there is the well drawn character of a father who "was as big and fine a man" as was ever seen and than whom "there was never a kinder father than when he was in his cups". But he was ever so repentant and remorseful for this failing of his and for then having mistreated his wife and children. What happened? Some people, even good ones, advised his wife to leave him—but she would not. One day an accident befell him and he was paralysed for the rest of his life; this was for ten long years, and still "there never was a better man" than he was then; he never complained, and with the greatest of faith that was in him he never consented to say his prayers

lying on the flat of his back: "So he was lifted up morning and evening for his prayers on to his knees, and he never groaned, though the pain was awful." The priest who often brought him Communion, pronounced him a saint, and "it was self-denial and suffering that made him a saint like others before him." And his wife? Far from considering him a burden she "was glad she stayed" instead of leaving him as she had been advised to do.

The moral of the above story is evident and reminds us of the saying that there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that most of us had better keep quiet. No matter, then, what faults father may have, if we consider his overwhelmingly more numerous good points we can well subscribe heartily to the sentiment expressed in the following stanza:

"Only a dad but he gives his all
To smooth the way of his children small
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
'Only a dad, but the best of men'."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.

MARY IMMACULATE, REFUGE OF SINNERS

A woman came to a house of our little Congregation in the kingdom of Naples to tell one of the Fathers that her husband had not been to Confession for many years. The poor creature no longer knew by what means to bring him to his duty, for if she mentioned Confession to him, he beat her. The Father told her to give him a picture of Mary Immaculate. In the evening the woman once more begged her husband to go to Confession; but as usual he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. She then gave him the picture. Behold! he had scarcely received it, when he said: "Well, when will you take me to Confession? I am willing to go." The wife, on seeing this instantaneous change, began to weep for joy. In the morning he really came to our church, and when the Father asked him how long it was since he had been to Confession, he answered: "My last Confession was twenty-eight years ago". The Father then asked him what had induced him to come that morning. "Father," he said, "I was obstinate; but last night my wife

gave me a picture of our Blessed Lady, and in the same moment I felt my heart changed, so much so, that during the whole night every moment seemed a thousand years, so great was my desire to go to Confession." He then confessed his sins with great contrition, changed his life, and continued for a long time to go frequently to Confession to the same Father.

In another place, in the diocese of Salerno, in which we were giving a mission, there was a man who bore a great hatred to another who had offended him. One of our Fathers spoke to him to be reconciled; but he answered: "Father, did you ever see me at the sermons? No, and for this very reason I do not go. I know that I will be damned; but nothing else will satisfy me, I must have revenge." The Father did all he could to convert him; but seeing that all his efforts were in vain, he said: "Here, take this picture of our Blessed Lady." The man at first hesitated, saying: "What is the use of this picture?" But no sooner had he taken it, than, as if he had never refused to be reconciled, he said to the missionary: "Father, is anything else required besides reconciliation? I am willing." The following morning was set for it. When, however, the time came, he had again changed his mind, and would do nothing. The Father offered him another picture, but he refused it. At length, with great reluctance, he took it. Behold! he scarcely had possession of it, then he immediately said: "Now let us be quick! Where is my enemy?" And he was instantly reconciled with him, and then went to Confession.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.—*Hayes.*

TOWARD EVENING

Ah me! The sun hangs low,
The day is well nigh spent.
Dark shadows gather o'er the silent hills;
My heart with pain is rent.
Ah me! Fair Day, could I but call thee back!
To cure the past. Alas! Alack!

Ah! Woe is me! Woe! Woe!
My life is well-nigh spent.
Dark shadows gather towards the setting sun,
Comes now the dark—God-sent.
I tremble as the ev'ning shadows fall,
A chill upon my heart, the night-bird's call.

—*W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.*

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS IN A BIG CITY

"Marjorie, come here, quick!" cried Bessie, who was standing at the window, holding the curtains apart with her left hand and beckoning with her right to her sister. "There is Mr. Stade now!"

Marjorie ran to the window, alert with curiosity. She saw a tall young man and a handsomely dressed woman stepping from the door of the house across the street. She looked intently at the pair, her face gradually lighting up with admiration. "That's what he gets for waiting," she finally sighed abstractedly.

"I wonder where they are going tonight?" said Bessie. "The lights are burning bright. Strange! It seems they are going to stay out; they are all dressed up."

Marjorie made no answer, but only stood admiring.

"Edith was a fool," said Bessie with assurance, "to be so hasty!" This remark roused Marjorie from her musing.

"O, I don't know!" she remonstrated. "She married an interesting young man anyway. I'm sure she didn't grow tired of him so quickly."

"But to marry through spite, Sis!—why it's absolute nonsense! That might be done in the movies and no evil come of it, but for a girl with an education, with money, with looks, to act so silly is an awful mistake!" argued Bessie with the air of a preceptor and of one who had had experience.

"Well, she is just the one who is entitled to such a romance," replied Marjorie undaunted. "Supposing George Lea did go out for a good time once in a while, I'm sure he cared for Edith just a little bit. Besides he wanted her money, and I'm sure he was good to her for that reason. I don't blame Edith for dropping Lester Stade. We was too dignified and old-fashioned. His home-training was of the old style. Imagine! He wouldn't marry Edith because her income was larger than his! He says the husband must be independent of his wife's money if he is to retain her respect. Serves him right to lose Edith! He's too proud, I think."

This view of the question only nettled Bessie.

"Suppose he did wait too long to get married, Edith was nevertheless foolish in marrying just to show him that she did not depend on him either! I'm sure Edith knew that George Lea wasn't half the man that Lester Stade is. There, look at him now! Don't tell me that Lester Stade isn't worth having at any wait."

For fear of being caught at spying, the girls now withdrew from the window. As they walked to the dining room imaginative Majorie still mused:

"I wonder what happened to Edith? I suppose she is some glorious sight tonight at some swell affair."

Across the street Mr. Stade and his young wife Berenice, stood before their door. A cold wet wind rustled through the trees. Mr. Stade drew his scarf closer round his neck and lifted the collar of his overcoat. Berenice looked angrily into the little park before her where the white road trailed heavily among the black, dripping trees and the water-sodden lawns. As she felt the sting of the sharp wind upon her cheek she became conscious of her husband's delay.

"Let's move on," she said. "It's getting too cold for me. The sooner I get away from this house tonight, the better I'll feel. They'll scratch the furniture, break vases, and soil the rugs!"

"It won't be as bad as that, Bernie," he said soothingly, as they moved on. "They may do a little harm, but the maid will see to it that no great harm is done." His coaxing manner could not soften her.

"You know from our experience last year that you can't do anything with those dirty children. Can't you learn?" she demanded with so much vexation in her tone and manner that Lester thought it prudent to drop the subject. They were going out for dinner as a compromise of their little dispute at home. He could have his way and give the children the Christmas-party; but she would have her way and go out for dinner. So they walked on in silence through the park to the street towards the busy avenue where the large show-windows were blazing with lights. The Christmas buying and selling was at its height. Like jackals camping on the trail of lions, small trade-scavengers were gathered along the sidewalks in the light of the big windows; Italian fruit-venders, mechanical-toy men; an image merchant; a timid old man with Christmas wreaths strung upon his arm. As the pair advanced into the crowd, he took her arm to keep her from being jostled or separated from him. "Had we not better take a car, Bernie? The streets are so crowded, and we have eight or nine blocks to go," said Lester blandly.

"I'd rather not. I could not sit still anyway; I'm so vexed at the thought of what we shall see when we get home," she replied.

Lester was pained at this rebuff and wondered how he could induce his wife to take kindly to his desire of helping others. He was

generous, ambitious, high-strung, always trying to do the best. His ideals received a severe jolt in the encounter with the selfishness and worldliness of Edith. He had loved her; she was the spring as well as object of his affections. But he lost her; and with her loss came the collapse of the new world or life that had grown out of her love. He had lived in this world; with her loss it became chaos, dark, desolate, void. He imagined that the destroyer was his ideals. They were the thunderbolt that with an angry force shattered the sun-lit world of love. And so for some years he lived in melancholy, acquiring a habit of self-pity that led him to be sympathetic and helpful to others in distress. His wife's impatience reawakened this melancholy. He walked along in silence, oblivious of who was passing by or what happened around him. As he abstractedly looked up, his attention was arrested by a brilliant show-window in which a life-size Santa Claus in scarlet and white with ruddy face and sparkling eyes was moving about and holding up to a restless crowd of children an endless variety of tempting toys. He mechanically drew her arm closer and muttered: "Let us take a look at this!" Around them they could look down on a moving mass of caps and hats, boys' and girls', some ragged, some crisp and ribboned, some old and dirty, some dainty and new. All were gesticulating to express their satisfaction or their desire for some toy, or their regret in not being able to have it.

Being interested in poor children, Lester observed them closely and then classified them in three groups. First, there were the scoffers and disillusioned:—little bootblacks, newsboys, sellers of gum and pencils, wise men of the world. Their attitude of mind was expressed thus: "Santy Claus? Huh! Listen to the kids! Dere ain't no real Santa Claus." Second, the silent, reflective, agnostic kind—mostly girls—whose attention was fixed by a large figure in silk. They shuffled about, with envious eyes, resigned, working their forefinger around in their mouth. Third, they of the lowest order of intelligence and of least stature, a loquacious, demonstrative, restless lot of children, with eyes wide with wonder, with boundless desires, chafing at the repeated disappointments they received from Santy, who showed a beautiful toy only to lay it aside again.

While Lester was busy with these thoughts he felt a vigorous tugging and pushing at his big coat beneath his elbow. When he looked down he saw a ragged boy straining and stretching, using one arm vigorously, while with the other he held a crutch in place in the arm-

pit. Without a word Mr. Stade lifted the boy to his shoulder. The boy made no resistance, expressed no surprise nor gratitude. With his free hand he clutched the collar of the big overcoat, and with the crutch he pointed out a little girl in a red hood and mantle.

"Hey, Sis, squeeze in there, can't you?" he directed from his commanding position. "Mister, won't you push those boys aside? That's my sister and she wants to see."

Mr. Stade was not at all offended by the abruptness and thanklessness of the boy, for he had learned their ways and knew their heart. With his strong arm he pushed aside some children in front of him and the little girl adroitly slipped in through the gap thus made till she placed her nose against the glass of the show-window.

"O look at the big boat!" cried the boy from his perch. "Betcher that'll beat anything on the pond. If I only had that wagon! It's a daisy for my papers and Ma's work. O Sis, look at the paint-box in the corner!"

Sis nimbly turned around. It was a pretty face, round, pale, delicate and soft. She put her thumb up to the palm in her mouth and pointed wistfully over her shoulder to a large doll dressed in pink and white silk.

"Doll nothing!" exclaimed her brother contemptuously. "Youse girls are crazy for dolls! Sis wants that doll, Mister. But don't buy it for her! It won't do no good. She'll sell it like that doll she won at the fair. Do you know what she did then?"

Lester was at a loss to follow this chatter, but he saw that he was expected to answer, so he said:

"I don't know, son. What did she do then?"

"Why she got an old stick," he said, "and dressed it up in a rag she found. But the rag came off, and Ma burned the stick 'cause she didn't know that it wuz a doll. But that's a girl every time. She always wants a doll."

Berenice had been watching the little girl. At this bit of information about her, she approached the girl and took her by the hand. The little face looked wonderingly up into the handsome features of the tall goddess, while the soft little hand curled like a dirty rag round the two fingers in a white silk glove. Then Berenice turned to Lester:

"You seem to intend to stay here," she said. "Let's go in and get out of this cold and from these noisy children."

With that she led the way into the store. The boy on Lester's

shoulder instinctively knew that there were going to be some purchases. So he put his dirty face close to the warm fragrant fur and whispered:

"If youse are going to buy her a doll, make it a small one that we kin hide somewhere. I expect him to be home today and he wants some money."

The boy was an active newsboy, alert, quick and business-like. He then turned to Mr. Stade:

"Mister," he said, "if youse are going to buy me something, I'd rather have it in cash. You can't get what I want."

"Well, what do you want?" queried Mr. Stade.

"I'm just out of the hospital, Mister," the boy explained, "and I ain't just used to this crutch like the other boys. You see lots of boys have only one leg. And they kin get around better than some fellers with two legs. If I could get around faster I could make a lot of money, 'cause people buy papers more from cripple newsies. But I can't swing my crutch good. I need some fixings on it."

As Mr. Stade thrust his hand in his pocket, the boy quickly added:

"Youse can't make it a dollar, can you? Or fifty cents will do. I'll pay it back in a week. Or maybe you'll have to wait longer. I know I kin pay it back."

"Why don't your father fix it for you," inquired Lester as he held the money in his hand.

"O he won't do nothing for us. He's always fussing and scolding. He don't get along with Ma. Ma don't fight, she only cries and tells us not to say nothing 'gainst him."

Mr. Stade's sympathies were thoroughly aroused.

"Suppose, son," he said very cheerily, "suppose I buy you all something to eat, will you get a good meal for Christmas?"

"Sure thing," came the quick response. "I'll show you where we live. It's right back of Franklin Avenue. It's dark, but I kin get home in the dark."

Lester made up his mind promptly on this suggestion. When his wife had made several purchases for the little girl, he asked her to accompany him down the street. He looked around for a meat-market, grocery, bakery and candy store. In these various places he filled two baskets with the most savory and delicious things. Then he looked about for a taxi, meanwhile inquiring of the boy for directions to his home. He secured the service of a taxi. Setting the baskets on the floor of the car, Mr. Stade and his wife together with the children

occupied the back seat, letting the driver sit alone. Lester took the boy upon his lap to allow sufficient room for the little girl to sit between him and his wife. But the little girl did not sit there. She was nestling in the rich furs of Berenice, with her cheek laid upon the cheek of Berenice, while her mud-stained shoes were tracing yellow lines on Berenice's new walking-suit. Lester looked twice to make sure it was so. He looked into his wife's face to see whether she gave any signs of annoyance. He saw there only a tender compassion, a suspicious twitching about the eyes; with one hand she was clutching tightly the tiny hand of the child, with the other she was fondly brushing back the black curls from the child's brow.

They drove from the crowded avenue into dark and lonely streets, they tumbled and jogged till the dilapidated houses appeared to them about to fall but always recovering themselves. As they rattled over the pavement and car-tracks of Franklin Avenue the boy said:

"Here's where we get ready to stop, Mister."

They were in a dark street where a solitary oil-lamp twinkled a half-block away. They could see a shadow move along against the shop-window opposite, skulk along with faltering steps and disappear in the darkness. As Mr. Stade stepped from the car he looked about himself. They had stopped at an alley. The boy followed close at his heels.

"Right up the alley, Mister!"

The neighborhood was too shadowy and dangerous for Mr. Stade to permit his wife to come along. So he bade her stay in the car and to secure additional protection for her he waited till the officer who was slowly moving forward in the dim light came up to him.

"Officer," Mr. Stade said; "will you please stay with this car till I return?"

The officer paused to look squarely at the persons, the automobile, the well-dressed man, the handsome woman, the children. A slight smile of recognition lit up his face as he patted the boy gently on the head.

"Certainly, sir. This is a bad neighborhood."

He took up his station at the car with his back to the chauffeur, silently twirling his club and staring down the dark alley where Mr. Stade and the boy disappeared. Lester followed by the boy plunged boldly through the black slush of the alley till they came to an old wooden house whose green paint was cracking and curling up in bits.

The boy went up to the door and was about to turn the knob when there came a crash of a solid object hurled with great force against the door. His hand dropped in alarm and he stood rigid with fright for a moment. Then he seemed to understand it for he called hurriedly to Mr. Stade:

"Come in quick, Mister, and stop him!"

Lester felt a tremor of fear, being alone in a dark, strange place. He at first hesitated, but the boy's sincere appeal roused his bravery and gave him assurance. He set down the baskets which he carried, and putting himself on the alert to meet danger, he flung open the door. He stood face to face with an angry, half-drunken man, who with one hand grasped an empty beer-bottle and with the other steadied himself against the table. Opposite was a woman on her knees, with her face hidden in her hands that rested on the table. At this sudden intrusion, the man paused, holding his missile aloft, motionless. Then the bottle fell to the ground and he stooped forward to look closer. A sign of recognition crossed his face and he gasped in astonishment:

"Lester Stade! What brings you here?"

In a moment memories of former days came crowding into his mind. Suspicion and jealousy began to settle on his face. The heat of the liquor and his anger were slowly getting the better of him.

"Has she called for you?" he said fiercely. "Will you be her champion? I'll not stand for your interference. Get out of my house, you—," he rushed forward to send the intruder backwards through the door. But his forward rush was stopped abruptly by a thud against his face like that of a battering ram. He fell to the floor like a log, the blood trickling from his mouth and nose.

Berenice, feeling somewhat alarmed at the prolonged absence of her husband, decided to see for herself what detained him, and asked the officer to accompany her. When they came to the house that the little girl pointed out, the officer knocked at the door, but without waiting for a reply, immediately pushed it open. The room was as still as death. A man, apparently asleep, was stretched on a bed. Mr. Stade and a woman, delicate and worn and stooped, clothed in an old dress, with a rag for a shawl over her shoulders, were seated on chairs. He held her hand loosely in his. Both were silent and motionless as if oppressed by grief. The intruders stood still. Berenice gazed in astonishment at this scene; it appeared to her that her husband had met an acquaintance of long ago, that she had told her story, that it

affected him deeply, that a sort of despair rather than resignation had fastened on the woman. As the officer approached, his heavy tread roused them both. Mr. Stade rose abruptly. The woman shook herself and for a moment was bewildered by the sight of the strangers. But she quickly collected herself. She rose.

"Lester," she said, "it is my final decision. Forget that I am here. I am happy. But do what you can for my children."

Her grief and embarrassment made her turn her face away. Lester pressed her hand warmly and rapidly left the room, beckoning to his wife to follow. When they gained their car and were seated he turned to her to answer her inquiring look.

"It is Edith Lea," he said. "She refuses to leave her husband. She says she is happy with him, though she just returned from the asylum where she was brought for a temporary mental derangement. Can it be love, or is she hardened in spite?"

His wife evaded the question, but merely said:
"We shall see to the children after Christmas."

—, C. Ss. R.

"Mind ye, Jawn," says Mr. Dooley, "I've no wurrud to say again them that sets back in their own house and lot and makes the food iv the people dear. They're good men, good men. Whin they tilt the price iv beef to where wan pound iv it costs as much as manny the man in this Ar-rchey Road'd wurruk fr'm the risin' to the settin' iv the sun to get, they have no thought iv the likes iv you an' me. 'Tis aisy come, aisy go with them; an' ivery cent a pound manes a new art musoom or a new church to take the edge off hunger."

AN HOUR A DAY

"I cannot do much in an hour," said Jack;
I might as well waste it, you see;
Just an hour a day is nothing at all,
That is as it seemeth to me.

"An hour a day!" Ted puckered his brow;
In a year let me see what 'twould be;
Fifteen days and five hours—too much to be lost,
That is as it seemeth to me.

THE OUR FATHER: THY KINGDOM COME. III.

EVEN AS THE POOREST.

The Son of God assumed our human nature and came on earth not only to redeem us by his sufferings, and death, but also to teach us, first by his example and then by his preaching, to save our souls as St. Luke expressly declares: "Jesus began to do and to teach" (Acts i, i). He who could have come on earth in the grandest royal magnificence, publicity, and glory abounding in unbelievable wealth, and enjoyments, chose to be born in a wretched stable and to be laid in a manger for beasts; to live in poverty and want without a place of his own where to rest his head; to earn his living by manual labor; and during his public ministry of three years to suffer hunger and the other hardships of poverty, depending on alms for his scanty food in order to teach us by his example to be detached from earthly goods, and to admonish us that happiness is not to be found in earthly possessions and enjoyments. "Lay not up to yourselves," he said, "treasures on earth where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven" (Matth, VI, 19, 20).

We can learn the very same lesson from the experience and testimony of King Solomon, the wisest of monarchs. He abounded in immense wealth, possessed great earthly power, renown, and influence, and a wonderful science; he had enjoyed to his heart's content all earthly pleasures and amusements; and in the end he felt constrained to acknowledge that he had not found happiness in all these things for he said: "Behold all this is nothing but vanity and affliction of spirit" (Eccles. I, 14).

THE HIGHER VALUES.

On the other hand, Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour, and infallible Teacher, declares those who are detached from earthly goods, to be happy already in this life: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. "By their detachment from earthly treasures, they acquire a claim, a right to the kingdom of heaven. Heaven is then their treasure, it is a spiritual treasure, the only real treasure which we may acquire and increase continually by detaching our heart more and more from earthly things, and serving God by our good works, or as St. Paul calls this—by our godliness and piety, "Godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life which now

is, and of that which is to come" (I. Tim. IV, 8). The least spiritual treasure, or divine grace, is infinitely more precious than the whole visible universe. For instance, he who says from his heart, "My God I love Thee," gains a degree of divine grace, which is worth the blood of Jesus Christ, and is therefore, of infinite value and capable of purchasing the everlasting glory of Heaven. In this world not every man however much he desires and exerts himself, can become a millionaire, but every man, by a life of godliness, and faithful service of God, with the assistance of His grace, which he can easily obtain by prayer can become a heavenly millionaire, that is, a great saint in heaven! The first step in thus enriching himself is to be poor in spirit.

THE SECOND BEATITUDE.

"Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land" (Matth. V, 4). If we wish to be saved, it behooves us to imitate Jesus Christ, for St. Paul says that if you wish to be among the predestined, that is, of the number of those who shall be saved, we "must be made conformable to the image of the Son of God" (Rom. 8, 29), that is, we must resemble Jesus Christ. And our Saviour tells us how we must resemble Him: "Learn of Me," He says, "because I am meek and humble of heart" (Matth. XI, 29). We are, therefore, obliged to imitate His meekness and humility. The saints and the Fathers of the Church, therefore, teach that there can be no true virtue, unless it is founded on humanity. Humility is greatly promoted by poverty in spirit or detachment from earthly goods. The love, possession, and enjoyment of riches are powerful incentives to pride, for they puff up such rich persons with their own importance and induce them to attribute to themselves what belongs to God. They forget that man of himself is poor and helpless, and all that he did and all that he has, is a gift of God, and that without God he can do nothing, for "our sufficiency is from God" (2 Cor. V, 5). The proud man relies on himself, does not acknowledge his dependence on God for all that he is and all that he has and therefore does not give the glory of it to God, and therefore deserves the rebuke of St. Paul. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" (I Cor. 4, 7). The proud man actually robs God of his glory, and therefore incurs God's displeasure and just hatred. Wherefore "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble" (I Peter V, 5). But God loves the humble who give Him due honor, and thanks, consequently serve Him faithfully and keep

the first and greatest commandment, the love of God (Math. XXII, 38).

LINKED WITH CHARITY.

Let us now see how closely the second Beatitude is connected with the observance of the second great Commandment, which Jesus Christ declares to be like the First: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (V. 39). To observe this commandment as Jesus wishes us to do, we should love our neighbor as Jesus has loved us, for He said "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you" (John XV, 12). How did Jesus Christ love men when He lived on earth? How meekly and kindly he treated even the greatest sinners, such as the Samaritan woman, Magdalen, the woman taken in adultery, how He rebuked James and John who wished to call down fire from heaven to punish a city for refusing hospitality to Jesus and His Apostles, how kind He was to Judas the traitor, and tried to convert him, whilst he was preparing to betray Him: He cast a look of loving compassion on Peter who had just denied Him so basely, and never afterward reproached him for it; He prayed for and even excused His murderer and persecutors who were cruelly insulting Him, whilst He was dying on the cross! Not merely by his words, but especially by His conduct, He tells us, "Learn of Me because I am meek" (Math. XI, 29). By meekness we can avoid and overcome anger, and its kindred vices, which cause us so often to transgress the charity we owe our neighbor, as we shall now see.

THE HARVEST OF ANGER.

Anger is unlawful if it is the outcome of our natural inclinations or temperament, or habit, or inordinate self-love, pride lust, self-will, or unrestrained ambition. Under the influence of any of these passions a man will bear no restraint, no opposition, no contradiction, and becomes sensitive beyond control. Inordinate love is often turned into the most violent hatred. "Anger," says St. Gregory, "makes the heart beat and the body tremble, and either ties up the tongue, or loosens it beyond measure, and causes it to pour out a volley of abuse, threats, imprecations, and curses. Anger saddens the face, gives a wild and fierce expression to the eyes, disfigures the countenance and makes the person appear more like a wild beast, it robs him of more or less of his reason and often renders him unconscious of what he is saying or doing. It frequently causes fever from excitement, exhausts the vital energy,

brings on diseases of the brain, insanity, heart failure, and sudden death. It wounds the feelings of one's best friends, often results in bitter disputes and quarrels, in hatred and deadly enmities, in violence, and even in shocking murders. Anger destroys peace of mind, by disturbing and darkening it, and renders a man blind to his own interests, both spiritual and temporal. There is no living with a hot-tempered person, who makes all who live with him miserable. Hence we need not be astonished that there is no happiness in so many families in which neither the husband, nor the wife, will practise meekness, and patience, towards each other; and the natural result is the enormous number of divorces, and the increase of horrible crimes! A person who keeps anger and hatred in his heart, usually gives up prayer altogether and the reception of the Sacraments for years, and usually dies in his sins.

REMEDIES OF ANGER.

We should constantly watch over ourselves, lest we be surprised by angry feelings; let us at once suppress every angry feeling, for if we do not, the feeling will soon grow so strong, as to be beyond our control. Since we cannot overcome our passions without God's help, as soon as we notice an angry feeling arising within ourselves, let us at once pray to God to help us to overcome it, and continue to pray for patience until all our irritation has disappeared. We should make earnest efforts to subdue our irritability, and however great the provocation, and however deeply our feelings have been hurt, we should observe St. Paul's admonition: "Let not the sun go down on your anger" (Eph. IV, 26). Moreover, we should follow the example of St. Francis de Sales, who says: "I have made a compact with my tongue never to speak, and with myself never to act, so long as my heart is disturbed". "When someone speaks harshly to us," says St. Alphonsus, "we should invariably give him a gentle reply, but if we are angry, we must remain silent." The failure to observe the latter part of the saint's counsel is the principal cause of all the troubles arising between husband and wife, as the following anecdote will illustrate:

In the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era, the deserts of Egypt were inhabited by holy monks or solitaries, who spent their lives in work and prayer. One of these being reputed a very holy man had many visitors seeking his blessing and prayers, to be cured of diseases, or to obtain favors from God. One day a poor woman

came to complain of her brutal husband, who almost daily beat her cruelly, and asked for a remedy. The holy man having heard her complaint, gave her a jug of water, telling her that whenever her husband would start to quarrel, she should fill her mouth with the water, and promised her, that so long as she kept the water in her mouth, her husband would not beat her. After some weeks she returned to the holy man with the empty jug, thanking him for the very effective remedy and requesting for more of that wonderful water. The monk then told her that the water being only ordinary water had no virtue of its own, but its effect was to be attributed to the necessity she was in of keeping silent so long as she kept it in her mouth. Let us learn from this to keep silent and to pray for patience whenever angry feelings arise in us.

THE BEAUTY OF MEEKNESS.

This virtue is indispensable for practising the love we owe to our neighbor. It either prevents anger from arising within us, when our feelings are hurt, or if our anger has already been aroused, it enables us to overcome and to stifle it. The meek man speaks in a kind and friendly manner to those who contradict, oppose, insult, threaten, and even strike him, and is always ready to return good for evil; to pray for and forgive his enemies from his heart, and even to forget the wrongs he has suffered. Meekness produces in him on all such occasions an interior calm and peace, which nothing can deprive him of. Meekness is truly a divine virtue.

"Meekness, more than the other virtues," says St. John Chrysostom, "renders us godlike," for it imparts a perfect mastery over our passions. "Great evenness of temper and constant meekness," says St. Francis de Sales, "although more rare than chastity, are yet most desirable."

Meekness requires a great fund of self-restraint, self-control, prudence, and courage, and ardent love of God and humility, and forbearance toward our neighbor. It is the most beautiful ornament of the other virtues for, says St. Francis de Sales, "it is the very cream of charity, the greatest of the virtues." It produces the most beneficial results in this life. It promotes peace of mind, by not allowing anything to disturb us. By restraining our sensitiveness, impulsiveness and anger, it wards off from us many troubles and misfortunes. Since it is possible to avoid in this life certain differences and disputes, we need a large fund of patience and meekness, to oppose and suppress

sudden emotions of anger, in order to preserve peace of heart. "The character of men," says St. Francis de Sales, "is such that when harshly treated, it becomes like clay in the fire, still more hardened, whereas it is soon softened by meekness."

NOT IN A DAY.

To acquire the virtue of meekness is the work of a life-time. It took ten, twenty, and even forty years of constant and earnest efforts and prayer for such saints as St. Francis de Sales, and St. Alphonsus to acquire self-mastery and meekness. We should, therefore, daily pray and make earnest efforts to practice meekness towards every one. And if we do this we shall "possess the land" already in this life, for we shall enjoy peace of mind which "surpasseth all understanding" and lay up great treasures in heaven, by the victories we shall gain over our passions. Moreover we shall enjoy a wonderful influence over our fellowmen, for says St. Bernard, "as without faith it is impossible to please God, so without meekness it is impossible to please men," and to love our neighbor as we should. Moses was able to lead over three million of rough Israelites together with all their goods and flocks, safely for forty years through the desert of the Promised Land. And what enabled him to do this? Holy Scripture gives the explanation: "Moses was a man exceedingly meek above all men that dwelt upon the earth" (Numb. XII, 3). It was his extraordinary meekness that enabled him to succeed.

Let us therefore follow the counsel of the Holy Ghost: "My son, do thy works in meekness and thou shalt be loved above the glory of men" (Eccli, III, 19). You shall possess great influence with God himself for "to the meek God will give grace" (Prov. IX, 34), in this life, and endless reward in the land of the elect. Wherefor let us all follow the injunction of the meek St. Francis de Sales: "Just as oil floats on top of other liquids, in like manner meekness should predominate in everything we do."

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

Have you met the man who is eaten up with zeal for world peace, individual peace, peace between whites and blacks, between the worker and the capitalist—yet for ten years has not been on speaking terms with his own brother?

Be not simply good, but be good for something.—*Thoreau*.

FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

CHAPTER XI: DARKNESS AND DAWN.

One picture painted during the great war deserves to live forever, so true is it in its portrayal of human heart interest. Before a home whose window glows with the light of a star in a service flag, stands the letter carrier delivering to a maiden in whose eager eyes the love light shines, a letter from overseas. On the opposite side of the street stands a wistful mother waiting for the letter that never came. Our boys in the trenches have told us letters from home were the one gleam of light in the darkness of the war. No less full of lights and shadows did the coming of the mail man render the lives of those back home.

For weeks and weeks neither the Doyle's nor Rose Lane had heard from Tom. Night after night tear filled eyes lay sleepless as the days grew into weeks and no word came from France, day after day wistful glances had followed the gray clad form of the mail carrier as his daily rounds had carried him past the homes where loving hearts were waiting and where home fires were burning brightly for a hero overseas. Anxiety at last gave place to sadness and only prayer kept sadness from becoming dull foreboding. The last letter received from the soldier sweetheart and son had told that the men were out of the trenches and pushing forward towards the Rhine. Now the newspapers bore in flaming headlines stories of triumphant marches, of daring sallies and irresistible onslaughts which America's sons were making as they bore the Stars and Stripes forward on the way to victory.

Despite the burden of anxious waiting the grey haired old father, the loving mother and gentle sister, as well as the sweet-faced, pious sweetheart retained their outward cheerfulness. Prayer, strong-hearted trustful prayer, was the consolation and the hope of one and all. Many a fervent petition for the absent loved one, poured forth to the Heart that hides beneath the lowly forms of bread behind the Tabernacle Door, and only the Angels know how often the Sorrowful Mother listened to the plea of those weary anxious hearts. It was only the stealthy glances at the casualty lists in the daily papers, that betrayed the inward apprehension. Outwardly all was smiling hope and cheerful gaiety.

One day in October the daily press told a tale that thrilled all hearts from East to West in all this glorious land of ours. In words

that glowed and in sentences that quivered with triumphant pride in our gallant boys, the papers told the story of the crossing of the Meuse. They narrated how when the task seemed hopeless, in the face of the terrible rain of machine gun, rifle and artillery fire from the enemy entrenched behind the river bank which rose like a rampart, sheer from the water's edge, a regiment of Engineers had marched forward to the river, singing gaily and, as though they were boys let loose from school, had thrown their pontoons across the river and then, dropping their tools had seized rifles and grenades and led the Infantry up the heights in a smashing charge that overwhelmed the Germans in the trenches and sent the far-famed German shock troops reeling back in dismayed retreat. In the press the Engineers were nameless, but in that little Pennsylvania steel town, something told the loving, longing hearts of mother and father and sweetheart and sister, that their soldier boy was there. Thrills of pride were coupled with throbs of anxiety as they realized what carnage had accompanied the victory. Therefore they were not wholly unprepared when on the eve of the First Friday of November one of those dread telegrams from Washington arrived, telling them that their hero was seriously wounded. Brief and curt and business-like were those official messages of America at war, but in their train they full often left a train of crushed and bleeding hearts. Prayers to the Sacred Heart after Holy Communion on that First Friday were mingled with silent sobbing tears so far as the Doyles and Rose Lane were concerned. But the Sacred Heart is a wondrous Consoler and He who said: "Come unto Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you", poured the soothing balm of Divine comfort into those saddened hearts wherein He dwelt, and when the little group left the church, the sunshine of hope was shining in the eyes where a little while before had raged the storm of tears. God and our Lady would guard the wounded soldier boy they all believed and hoped, as with hearts courageous they went forth to take up the burden of life until the boys came marching home.

Meanwhile the object of all this tender solicitude had passed through the shadows of the valley of death and was marching steadily forward on the broad highway of health. Unconsciousness had spared Tom Doyle most of the painful horrors that accompany the journey of the wounded in battle to the hospital. An ambulance piled high with shattered bleeding forms had borne him to the zone of comparative safety. In a short time after his arrival at the hospital, he was

borne to the operating room. The weary overworked surgeons bent over his prostrate form. A swift careful examination followed. A machine gun bullet had torn its way through the upper right arm and shrapnel had cruelly torn his left side. But after the dread cutting and probing was over the grim old surgeon smiled and said:

"That lad will have a nip and tuck fight for life, but I think the clean life his body shows him to have led and his iron constitution will pull him through".

The surgeon was a good prophet. Tom Doyle's iron constitution unweakened by excess or dissipation did enable him at last to rally, but there were long days of anguish and helplessness, before the nurses and doctors could at last say with certainty, that he would recover and have nothing but his honorable scars to remind him of his wounds. Meanwhile the Eighth had pushed forward to new fields of glory, but amid it all Tom was not forgotten. The story of his deeds was rehearsed over many a campfire and from the grizzled old Colonel down to the lowliest buck private all held his name in honor. Nor did the praise of the Colonel stop with mere praise among the men of the gallant outfit. To Divisional Headquarters and thence across the sea to Washington went full details of the escape from the Germans and of the cool daring cunning which had made the lad from the steel mills sketch in blood on his bandage the information so priceless to his officers.

The color had scarce returned to the cheeks of Tom, and he was enjoying the fresh air only from the shelter of a wheel chair, when the news of the armistice came. Frenzied cheering from a nearby regiment of doughboys was the first inkling vouchsafed the inmates of the hospital that some glad news was in the air. Then an auto truck bearing a K. of C. secretary laden with the little comforts that even sick soldiers prize dashed up to the doors of the hospital. Without waiting to be announced the K. of C. man dashed into the wards shouting joyously:

"Buddies the armistice has been signed and all fighting stopped at eleven o'clock!"

Then pandemonium broke loose where quiet had reigned a moment before. Crutches waved wildly in the air—sheets and blankets served as banners which waved enthusiastically—men too weak to sit up in bed cheered frantically, oftentimes in voices harsh and hoarse from the dread effects of gas. Down many a cheek, joy-tears unbidden

flowed, and even the sweets and smokes, brought by the genial K. of C. secretary, were for awhile neglected whilst men discussed the joyous news. To these men, some of them were wrecks of their former selves, it seemed that the long dark night was over and day had at last dawned.

The excitement caused by the signing of the armistice and the discussion as to when they might expect to be sent home had not yet died down in the hospital, when a few days after the fateful Eleventh of November, Tom was honored by a visit from no less a personage than the Colonel of the Eighth. The regiment had been sent back to rest barracks a few days before the armistice, and as there was little prospect of a speedy movement now, the Colonel made haste to visit his boys in hospital. As he made his way through the long rows of cots on which lay many of his brave lads, some without an arm or leg and some on whose eyes the faces of loved ones would never again fall, tears sprang to the eyes of the sturdy old veteran whom danger could not terrify nor hardship dismay. Then the Colonel caught sight of Tom Doyle smiling a wan but happy welcome from his wheel chair, and the officer forgot his dignity and rushed forward impulsively and shook warmly the uninjured hand of the private, whilst the latter blushed with confusion.

"Doyle, my man!" said the Colonel heartily, "how are you? It does me good to see you again, though you are not looking quite yourself. When are you going to get out of here and join the old outfit once again?"

"Well, sir," said Tom, "the doctors say I shall be out of here in ten days. My wounds are quite healed and strength is returning quickly. I had a close shave, but the Heinies didn't get me after all!"

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated the Colonel, "they got too many of our brave boys as it was. However," and the Colonel smiled grimly, "they had to pay a far heavier price than we and now their fighting days are over."

"Why," said Tom teasingly, "some say the Heinies weren't licked at all. They just retreated as part of their strategy, and then when they felt that the forces against them would be sure to overwhelm them they thought the best thing to do would be to make peace, a peace of victory they call it."

The gray haired Colonel snorted indignantly. "Who gave you that line of talk?" he asked sharply. "Say, my boy, the Germans were licked out of their boots. I've been a soldier for over twenty years,

and I tell you the Germans signed the armistice when they did, to prevent the annihilation of their forces. And boy—" here the Colonel paused impressively, "put this in your pipe and smoke it! had the war lasted another month the Germans would have had to do one of two things—see the Americans march across the Rhine and carry the war into Germany or else have Von Hindenburg and all the other Vons surrender their army to the lads they laughed at because they thought they couldn't fight."

"Hurrah!" cheered Tom, forgetting he was in the presence of his superior, and his cheer was echoed by all who had heard the words of the doughty Colonel. "But say, Colonel," continued Tom, "you'll have a hard time getting the French and British to support that last statement of yours. They claim, the British especially, that they had the war won when we stepped in!"

"Hang the British!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I suppose that is why they stepped back and let the Germans push ahead till our Marines stopped them at Chateau Thierry. No, no, boy; let others talk as they please, the Germans know who won the war and they'll tell you if you ask them. St. Mihiel and the Argonne and the Ourcq and the Meuse showed the mettle of the Americans, and I'm proud to say every one of my boys did his bit, you especially are the most famous man in the regiment."

Tom blushed and tried to turn the conversation to other channels.

"How are all the boys of the good old outfit, sir?" he asked.

"The boys are all right," said the Colonel, but his face clouded for an instant as he said the words. "You'll find many faces missing when you return," he continued sadly; "the last month of fighting robbed me of nearly half my gallant boys. But that is not what I came here for. Green and Dowd are in another ward and I want to see them before I go and I have not much time. I brought something for you," and the Colonel laid a bulky envelope on Tom's lap. "You'll find your promotion to Sergeant there, as well as two citations, which if I am not much mistaken spell the D. S. C. for you as soon as you are able to receive it. Here's some French for you to translate!" he added, laying another envelope on top of the first. "In case you do not understand French, I may as well tell you you have been awarded the Croix de Guerre by Foch himself for the maps you brought back on the night you were wounded. And here are some letters for you, which I took the trouble to deliver myself to make sure you received them." So

saying the Colonel attempted to lay a third packet upon the other two envelopes. But Tom who had received the other two envelopes with no sign of emotion save a blush eagerly seized the last packet and counted its contents.

"Good for you, sir!" he shouted as joyously as his weakened condition would permit. "Gee, seven letters from home and twelve from—" here he blushed furiously and paused as he saw his Colonel smiling teasingly.

"Aha!" said the Colonel good naturedly, "so there is some one back in the States who writes almost two letters to mother's one. Well, my boy, I shall not keep you from enjoying them. Good-bye now, and get well quickly!" And the officer turned to leave. "Oh by the way," said he as an afterthought; "perhaps you would like a furlough to see Paris when your wounds are quite healed?"

"No, sir—no, sir!" said Tom quickly; "I want to get back to my buddies in the Eighth as soon as possible. But say, you can do me one favor."

"Name it!" said the Colonel.

"Well," said Tom, his eyes twinkling, "just tell General Pershing from me that I strongly recommend that he send the Eighth Engineers home at once since the fighting is over."

"You are as bad as the rest of the boys!" said the Colonel laughing heartily. "Well, please God, we shall all be home soon." And with this farewell the kind-hearted old disciplinarian strode out of the ward, leaving Tom to the undisturbed enjoyment of letters which were to him worth more than their weight in gold. The citations which any man would have been proud to have received, the official recognition of his valor by the head of the Allied Armies lay all unheeded in his lap, whilst over and over again the lad read with kindling eyes and gladly throbbing heart the loving tender messages from home and sweetheart.

The visit of his Colonel put new life into Tom and in a day or two he was able to rise from his chair and walk about. Then, as the surgeons had prophesied, in ten days he was declared once more fit for duty. In a new uniform, enhanced by his sergeant's stripes, Tom Doyle made one of a party of men returning to their regiments. The trip was made without incident, but at the end of it Tom received such a welcome as only American soldiers can give to a comrade who is popular.

Tom's round of duties were very light for a long time to come. His Captain saw to that, and instead of the heavy labor of road building, in which his comrades were engaged, Tom was detailed to clerical duty at Company headquarters. The Eighth were not the first to sail for America, for they had been detailed for guard duty in Germany. Hence one morning the bugle rang out its summons and soon to the tune of, "It's a Long Way to Berlin But We'll Get There," the Engineers took up their march, and in due time reached their station at Coblenz, where they formed part of the American "Watch on the Rhine".

All things must have an end. So even the guard duty which homesickness soon rendered tedious to the boys in khaki at last came to an end. The happy Eighth entrained for Brest where they had landed on their advent in France. Soon a transport homeward bound steamed out of the harbor and from its decks the cheering Engineers waved farewell to France. Tom stood in the stern of the vessel and gazed shortward until the land was but a dim outline on the horizon. He was thinking of Ted, Ted for whom there would be no welcome home and who would forever rest in the land of *fleurs de lis*. The letter which Tom had so dreaded to write informing Ted's mother of his death had never been penned, for influenza, dreaded scourge, had torn her from earth before the fateful news had reached America.

The voyage was uneventful. May, the month of our Lady, marked the homeward trip and the sea was calm and serene. The boys make merry with athletics and music and theatricals and the joyous abandon of the return was in sharp contrast to the straining anxiety of the voyage to France, when all had been silence and watchfulness in dread of the well submarine. One evening the *Randor* for such was the name of the transport anchored outside the harbor, and the next morning with colors flying and bands playing and soldiers cheering, the stately ship sailed up the bay towards Hoboken. As they passed the Statue of Liberty, one Engineer tersely expressed the feelings of all on board. Doffing his overseas cap to the Statue, he shouted:

"Hello, old girl, glad to meet you again, but if you want to see me after this, you'll have to turn around!"

Truly these boys were sick of war, gallantly though they had done their duty to the flag. Hence it seemed to them that their eyes had never glimpsed a more beautiful sight than the ungainly piers at Hoboken—for to them those piers meant Home, Sweet Home.

The coming of the transport was somewhat unexpected as her homeward trip had been made in record time. Hence there were no relatives at the pier to greet the Engineers. But the Red Cross and the Salvation Army and the K. of C. made them feel that they were welcome, and the lads all had a chance to send messages home before the ferry bore them to Weehawken, whence trains bore them to Camp Merritt for demobilization—that is, such of their number who had volunteered “for the period of emergency”. Among these latter was Tom Doyle.

Tom had not availed himself of the privilege of sending a telegram home. He knew his discharge would follow at the latest within forty-eight hours after his arrival at Merritt. Hence it happened that on Saturday night, when Rose Lane had hastened to the Doyles bearing an evening paper with an account of the landing of the famous Eighth Engineers, Tom Doyle, traveling on the fastest train he could get out of New York, was fast nearing home.

In the humble home of the Doyles the same group that had assembled on that fateful day in June to bid farewell to their soldier boy sat in the parlor wondering if that soldier boy had really landed in the United States. Rose was reading aloud from the paper. Near her listening intently was the dear old mother in her rocker. Mary sat at the feet of Rose. Back in a corner with a far away look in his eyes as though in spirit he were going over the battlefields of the Eighth of which the newspaper told, the silvery haired old father beamed forth his pride in his gallant son. In silent, intent interest, all listened to the thrilling account, nor did they mark the flight of time. Then came a click of the front gate, the sound of a familiar step, and as with a glad cry the mother sprang to her feet, the door was flung open to admit a soldier, upon whose breast gleamed the D. S. C. and the Croix de Guerre, and Tom Doyle was home at last clasped in the arms of those he loved. Let us draw a curtain on this scene, there are pictures no pen can paint, emotions no words can tell. Of such scenes and such emotions are the scenes that transpire when a soldier boy comes home.

It was not long after his homecoming that Tom chose his lot in life. His old position was waiting for him and he wasted no time in dining and wining but went at once to work. He had saved money in the army and only waited for Rose to name the day. Rose did name the day—the Feast of the Sacred Heart—the Feast of Him who had kept Tom true to his four loves: God, Country, Home and Sweetheart.

Then came a glad surprise. Father Fink, who had been among the last of the Eighth to be discharged, was on his way to his Western home, and would stop off to be present with Tom on the day of the wedding, of which Tom had told him. The pastor of the little church in which Tom had been accustomed to worship from boyhood, insisted that the Chaplain perform the wedding ceremony. Father Fink consented, of course. So in simple yet solemn ceremonial these two were wed. And as they knelt together after Holy Communion, and Mother and Father and Mary knelt behind them, though their thoughts turned to that other Friday when they had parted, their hearts throbbed not with sadness but with joy and gratitude to the Sacred Heart which out of the storms of battle, out of the crash of cannon, had brought honor and unstained Faith, peace and all abiding happiness.

THE END.

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

"Thin," said Mr. Dooley of the Ward Boss, "he built a brick house in place of the little frame wan he had befor' an' moved in a pianney f'r his daughter. 'Twas about this time he got a dimon as big as ye'er fist and begun to dhrive down town behind a fast horse. No wan knowed what he done, but his wife said he was in the r-rale estate business. D'y'e mind, Jawn, that the r-rale estate business includes near ivrything fr'm vagrancy to manslaughter?"

The "Camp Fire Girls" are throwing aside the tyrannical restraints of artificial culture and going back to the life close to nature led by the aboriginal Indian woman. So they say. But, young man, be not deceived;—they have no intention of living on roast dog, minding the babies, and hoeing the corn while you devote your lordly energies to hunting and fishing.

"May God bless you!" You like to have this prayer prayed over you by anybody, but especially by one of tried virtue, of venerable age, by a priest, by a bishop. Do you really wish God to bless you? Then go to Benediction, and God will bless you; for that is precisely what Benediction is—God blessing you.

We have a friend who thinks he is persecuted for being good whenever he is laughed at for being foolish.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE WONDERFUL CHARM

Once there was a little girl of eleven years of age who was very troublesome and idle. Always liking her own way she became quite angry at the least contradiction. This went on for so long a time that her superiors despaired of ever being able to correct her.

But suddenly an unexpected change came over her. Her evil habits entirely disappeared, and she became one of the most obedient children in the school. One of the teachers observing that from time to time the child put her hand upon her breast and pressed it against something she carried there, asked her why she did so. Blushing and confused, the child whispered these words:

"It is to help me to be good."

"How can that help you to be good, my child?" asked the Sister.

With some hesitation, the little one drew forth from under the band of her dress, a large crucifix which was suspended from her neck by a ribbon.

"Sister," she said, "I want to do penance, and I want to prepare myself well for Christmas. When I am tempted to be naughty, I press this image to my heart, and then I find it easy to be good."

And the Sister understood that it was Jesus Himself, and the thought of His sufferings that had worked such a change in this little girl.—Fr. Reuter: *Sermons for Children*.

"WHOM DO THEY SAY THE SON OF MAN IS?"

No one will accuse Napoleon the Great of being either a pietist or weak-minded. He strode the world in his day like a Colossus, a man of gigantic intellect, however worthless and depraved in moral sense. Conversing one day at St. Helena as was his custom about the great men of antiquity, and comparing himself with them, he suddenly turned round to one of his suite and asked him:

"Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?"

The officer declared he had not thought much of the matter.

"Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will tell you." He then compared Christ with himself, and with the heroes of antiquity, and showed how

Jesus far surpassed them. "I think I understand somewhat of human nature," he continued, "and I tell you, all these were men, and I am a man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force! Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him?"

It is a spontaneous tribute to the divinity of the Babe of Bethlehem such as upon another occasion was wrung from the lips of a professed unbeliever—J. J. Rousseau, who said:

"Yes, if the death of Socrates was that of a sage, the life and death of Christ are those of a God!"

THE BIG PRICE

After the Catholic Missionaries had established their missions among the Yakima Indians and had won practically all to Christian civilization, Methodist ministers forced their way among them, in order to turn them to their sect.

One such minister, who had labored for some time to bring Ignace, a Yakima chief, into Methodism, asked the Indian how much he would want for giving up his Catholic faith.

"A big price," the chief answered.

"Two hundred dollars?" asked the minister.

"More than that," replied the chief.

"Then how much? Five hundred—six hundred dollars?"

"Oh, more than that!"

"Indeed!" said the minister, "then state your price."

"The price of my soul!" answered Ignace.

It was thus that the Christian spirit, united to Indian pride, made these primitive natures admirable types of nobility and fidelity.

THE MOTHER'S CHARM

Cordula Peregrina, a well-known convert and a poet whose work in German has won wide renown, tells us of her experience in regard to devotion to our Blessed Lady. She says:

"When I, who had been brought up in strict Protestantism, after years of anxious doubt at last arrived at the consoling conviction that to love and honor Mary, far from being a sin was really a sacred duty

of gratitude and filial love, then there was opened to me a treasure and a well-spring, from which was gushed forth a constant stream of love and praise of Mary. With her love in my heart and her praise on my lips, I have gone through life from that time on, and every day I could have exclaimed: All good things came to me together with her."

Even as Protestant, she composed songs and poems about our Blessed Lady and after her conversion she said of these:

"May these hymns fall into the hands of those who are outside the Church, for whom these hymns to Mary were especially intended—composed as they were by me as a young Protestant girl, in a Protestant home, in the hope that they might bring to other poor hearts the same happiness which I have ever found in our heavenly Mother."

EVEN IN THE DIN OF BATTLE

St. Margaret of Cortona was for a long time tried by God with a feeling of abandonment and despair. She underwent a real martyrdom, in the inconsolable moments of which she would exclaim:

"Lord, if I must be damned, as I deserve, grant me at least the grace of loving and serving you faithfully here below to my last sigh."

At length the hour of relief came. Our Lord Himself appeared to her to console her. At the simple sound of His voice, Margaret, trembling with joy, bounded toward Him with the impetuosity of a flame long held captive.

"Lord," said she, lovingly complaining of His absence, "why have you so long abandoned me?"

"I have not abandoned thee," He replied; "I am always near thee; but thou wishest always to nourish thyself with the milk of sensible consolations, and it is necessary that, being the daughter of my heart, thou shouldst be drenched with gall along with Me. Know then that thy constancy in dryness and interior desolation honors me more and is more profitable to thee, because then thou servest Me, not according to thy taste but according to Mine. Earth is the place of combat, and I do not wish that thou shouldst there taste the delights of paradise."

"Ah Lord, where you are, there is Paradise!" she at once replied.

The young lady who prays: "Our Father . . . lead us not into temptation," and then sits up alone till midnight with her "friend," may be a jewel, but she is not the jewel, "consistency".

Pointed Paragraphs

PREPARE YE THE WAY

To be the Mother of God was the highest honor which even a God could offer to man. This, you might think, no one would refuse to have forced upon himself. Yet, such is God's regard for man's free will, that He did not even wish to place upon Mary's brow the glorious diadem of the divine Motherhood without her free consent. It was to obtain this that the Archangel came to Nazareth—to hear her say: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord be it done unto me according to thy word."

To this day, our divine Saviour seeks an entrance into our hearts, and He, the King of all, becomes a beggar at the gates of our free will. He could make His dwelling in our hearts—He could force its casements wide—He could commandeer those hearts as he commandeered the Supper Room. But he defers to our wondrous power of freedom: if we wish Him, if we freely prepare for Him a dwelling place—then will He come to abide there.

"If any man love Me, the Father will love him, and we shall come and shall make our abode with him." Our hearts shall be other Bethlehems and angels shall sing their glorias there Christmas night.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Our Lord chose to be a helpless child in order to hallow and sanctify the cradle, in order to teach us the preciousness of the cradle with its little burden of a human heart, capable of being made into a child of God and an heir of heaven.

This lesson He often recalled to His hearers' minds. But never so forcibly as He did when one day after His laborious preaching the children and mothers of Judea gathered around him. He took a little child, and laying His scared hands upon its brow, He blessed it and said—let the little ones come unto me. Implicitly all stand condemned who hinder them from coming to our Lord.

Nay, He went so far as to say: Whatever you have done to the least, you have done it to me. If you have turned them from your

hearth and home, like the inhabitants of Bethlehem who had no room for Him—who thought if He came, they would not have enough food to eat, place to sleep!—you have turned away our Lord; if you have offered no love, no care, no reverence, so have you treated our Lord Himself.

SAILING UNDER CONVOY

Admiral Sims says it was the convoy that won the war. If boats had continued to sail alone, the submarines would have continued to sink them, and thus the men and merchandise of America could never have been carried across the Atlantic. The war was more than half over, and thousands of boats had already been sunk; before the strict convoy system was adopted. Even then, its introduction was bitterly opposed by the very shipmasters whose vessels it was designed to protect. They would rather sail free and untrammelled and take a chance with a torpedo than be bound down to the limited speed, the prescribed formation, and the uniform maneuvers of the convoy.

Some Christians spurn the regularity and restrictions of a Sodality or Pious Society just as the shipmasters spurned that of the convoy. However, it is well to remember that the ship which held fast to the necessary rules of the convoy generally reached port, and the soul which submits to the salutary restraint of the Sodality generally gets to heaven.

IS IT WAR?

When friends try to clear up a difficulty, it is a conference; when enemies try to settle a difference of opinion, it is war. The result of a friendly conference is to make each understand better the other's rights, recognize the other's good intentions, and condone the other's faults, often indeed, to make each love the other more. The result of a war is to make each hate the other with greater bitterness, to fill the heart of each so full of prejudice that he will accept unquestioningly all the evil and reject unhesitatingly all the good that is said of the other. A friendly conference is an honest effort to make justice and fair play prevail. It enables both parties to carry on relations, each with a better understanding of the other. War is a struggle where each devotes all his energies and all his resources to injure the

other, no matter how great the loss to himself. Not justice, but brute force, determines the issue. The victor has his way, not because he was right, but because he was stronger. The vanquished submits to force, all the while convinced that he is the victim of injustice and secretly determined to seek strength and supporters in order to renew the struggle of hate.

There is everywhere at present a difference of opinion between employers and employees. They are trying to settle the difference. Is it a friendly conference or is it war? That depends entirely upon whether each will persist in regarding the other as a friend or as an enemy.

THE CRUCIFIX

The boys are home, thank God! They saw many things "over there". One thing that they saw—when the dread shadow of death was hovering over them—that they saw on every road and in every village, was the image of Jesus Christ crucified. Oh, may that sacred image ever stand out vividly before the eyes of their mind, in the hour of temptation to deter them from the deadly sin that would crucify Him anew, in the hour of sorrow to comfort them, in the hour of sacrifice to strengthen them, in the hour of success to teach them the true value of all this earth can offer, in the hour of death to fill them with love and contrition and confidence and the blessed hope of a happy eternity! "He loved us and delivered Himself for us." "God laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." "By His bruises we were healed."

TRUTH

Whatever may be done in the way of flattering and fawning in the Protestant churches, it is certain that we Catholics get very little from our pulpit or our press that is calculated to make us proud of our growth in holiness. We are generally treated to some plain talk about our wrongdoings, and—what hurts most—the charges are only too true. This strenuous treatment is well calculated to foster humility, and our humility may get us to heaven. We are so thoroughly convinced that our poor bosom is the bosom of a sinner, that we can, with little effort, beat it and say: "Lord, be merciful". We know what that

operation did for the Publican in the temple; it will do the like for us.

But at the same time, let us remember that humility is truth. Truth must acknowledge the good that is in us as well as the bad; but it must also acknowledge—this is the very life blood of humility—that every bit of the bad in us comes from ourselves and every bit of the good in us comes from God. Therefore it is a duty of gratitude to God to think sometimes of the good we do and to thank Him that, in spite of our unworthiness, He has enabled us to do it. An occasional reflection of this nature will keep away the discouragement and morbidity resultant from exclusive meditation on our countless broken resolutions and constantly recurring falls.

DRESSED LIKE A QUEEN

All photographs of the queen of Belgium, says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, from the time of her arrival in New York to her visit in St. Louis, after a tour across the continent to the Pacific, show her majesty wearing the same turban. Far be it from any of us to even harbor the suspicion that King Albert's consort possesses but one hat. We hazard the opinion however that it is a most charming bit of headgear, and that it is vastly becoming, and that the owner shows royal good sense in getting her money's worth of wear out of it. In these days when every high school girl has to have at least three hats for fall and winter, it is comforting to know there is one woman in the world, even though but an humble queen, who doesn't have to tote around a trunk full of "creations" every time she goes traveling.

It would be one step forward in solving the problem of the H. C. L. if the modern hod carrier's daughter would learn to "dress like a queen".

"Go to the devil!" This time-honored formula for terminating an undesirable controversy bids fair to lose its "punch" if the craze for spiritism continues. To solicit communication with the other world in which neither God nor spirits nor souls united with God can have any part—what is that, but to go to the devil?

My boy, you did K. P. duty on the whim of a crabbed officer while in camp; can't you do it sometimes out of love for a tired mother at home?

Catholic Events

To all readers of the *Liguorian* we extend cordial wishes sustained by prayers for a Christmas, merry with all the blessings of the Christ-Child.

The Church has suffered a great loss in the death of Most Rev. Donal A. Mackintosh, Auxiliary Archbishop of Glasgow, which took place in the early part of October.

The two years' work of the Chaplains' Aid Association gave more than 1,000 Chaplains' outfits: 73,600 prayer books, 304,000 rosaries, 325,000 medals, 180,000 Sacred Heart badges, 386,000 scapulars, 42,500 crucifixes, 800,000 altar beads, and literature.

The title and insignia of Monsignor were conferred on Very Rev. W. M. Foley, on November 12, by Archbishop George Mundelein of Chicago. Father Foley has been Rector of St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, for the last 16 years. During the war he was Vicar General for Chaplains of the Middle West.

The Nippon School of Dental Surgery of Tokyo, Japan, is sending 2 Professors to study American methods in dental science. The dean of the School made a tour of inspection in 1915 of all the greater dental Schools in America. The school chosen is St. Louis (Catholic) University School of Dentistry.

The Rev. Francis A. Kelly, of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., who was chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Division, has been elected national chaplain of the American Legion at the convention in Indianapolis.

Father Kelly received seven citations during the war, and was decorated with the Military Cross of England and the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States. He is a graduate of the Toronto University and was ordained to the priesthood at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester. During the trouble on the Mexican border he served as a chaplain of the Tenth New York Infantry.

Twelve of the fourteen provinces of the St. Vincent de Paul society were represented at the national convention in Detroit. Cardinal Mercier made a special trip to Detroit to address the conference, which was the largest ever held.

One hundred and twenty delegates, representing lawyers, doctors and other callings attended the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia convention here recently. There were many women but no priests among the delegates. It was a layman's affair entirely, though Bishop Keiley spoke. This society, formed to fight bigotry, has become internationally famous because of the results attained and even won the special blessing of the Pope himself.

Evidently it is the purpose of the Government of the new Austrian Republic to maintain the traditional relations of that country with the Vatican.

The State Department has received information that it contemplates the appointment of Dr. Friedrich, founder and publisher of the "Reichspost", as Minister to the Vatican. Socialist Deputy Abram is to be designated Minister to Italy.

* * *

The Illinois Supreme Court on October 29 affirmed the judgments rendered by a local court against Cook County in favor of St. Hedwig's Industrial School for \$20,295.75, rendered before Judge R. S. Tuthill, July 10, 1918; and also for \$11,934.13, rendered at the same time in favor of the Polish Manual Training School for Boys. "These judgments," says the *New World* (Nov. 7), were for the support and maintenance of children committed to these schools by the Juvenile Court in 1915, 1916 and 1917.

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Cardinal Felix von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, is dead. His death leaves Germany without a representative in the College of Cardinals.

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The Anglican Church Congress which assembled at Leicester, England, in October has made a remarkable admission. When Dean Inge condemned Spiritism root and branch, Bishop Welldon declared: "The Anglican Church has failed to satisfy the craving of the human heart; because she could make no definite statement on the relation between the Church on earth and that Church behind the veil,—because her Communion service is cold and her burial service inadequate the people have turned to Spiritism. They should restore prayers for the dead to their proper place in the Liturgy."

So the Protestant Church was wrong!

* * *

Addressing a meeting of the Catholic Actor's Guild in New York recently, Father John Talbot Smith urged the establishment of a Catholic theatre in the metropolis.

"Broadway will not produce real Catholic plays," Father Smith declared. "Let us produce them ourselves. We have the actors, the authors, the producers. Why don't we go ahead—put up a theater and produce the plays? I guarantee it would be filled every night in the year."

* * *

Some days ago Pope Benedict XV addressed a delegation of Women's Unions and said in part:

"At the domestic hearth woman is queen The Catholic woman besides feeling it her duty to be virtuous, must feel it her duty to appear such in the fashion of her clothes, repudiating those exaggerations of fashions which show the corruption of those who designed them and bringing an evil contribution to the general corruption of manners—fashions contrary to that modesty which should be fairest ornament of the Christian woman."

The successor of Senor Maura as Premier of Spain is Senor Sanchez de Loca. It is said he is a good Catholic and the Catholics of Spain set their hopes upon him.

* * *

The first secretary of the Japanese mission to the Vatican, Imas Schariach, was converted to the Church and baptized by Mgr. Ceretti.

* * *

The Pope has sent Apostolic Visitators or ablegates to secure Catholic interests in various lands such as Poland, Egypt, the Balkans. As soon as feasible, he will also send legates to the Caucasus, to Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Syria.

* * *

In England, the Secretary of Education, J. Hays Fisher, declared in the House of Commons, that henceforth all Catholic schools are to be on a par with State schools and have equal share of the tax money. At the same time the State relinquishes all control of religious instruction to be given in these schools. When will our government at last see the justice of such action!

* * *

Army chaplains John A. Randolph, John T. Axton, Jas. F. Houlihan, Ignatius Fealy, and Milton O. Beebe have been appointed a board to meet in Washington for the purpose of studying matters relative to chaplains and moral training in the Army.

* * *

Two of the members of this board are Catholic priests: Fathers Houlihan and Fealy.

* * *

L. Wm. Menger, aged sixty-seven, pioneer Catholic citizen of San Antonio, and publisher of the Southern Messenger for twenty-seven years—died Sunday, November 9. The Southern Messenger, a sturdy Catholic Weekly, will be his best and most enduring monument. R. I. P.

* * *

After the meeting of the C. W. C. committee on Special War Activities (November 14) the National Catholic War Council will enter upon a new phase of work as the Nat. Cath. Welfare Council, to direct Catholic activities in reconstruction work.

* * *

Mr. M. J. Slattery, Secretary of the Nat. Catholic War Council has received a letter from the Pope through Cardinal Gasparri in which the Pope declares his pleasure at hearing of the formation of distinctively Catholic units of Boy Scouts and blesses all those who will labor for the Catholic extension of the Boy Scout Movement. Under date of October 7, 1919.

* * *

The Rev. Robert E. Wood, who has spent twenty years as an Episcopalian minister in the city of Wuchang, Province of Hupeh, China, has announced his intention of becoming a Catholic according to a report received from the Maryknoll priests in Yeungkong.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

What is the unpardonable sin of which Our Lord speaks in the Gospels?

This is a question which has been frequently asked and frequently answered in various ways. It is a problem of biblical interpretation, and we can only lay before you what seems the most natural explanation.

I. The Text.

Mt. XII, 31. Therefore I say to you: Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but the blasphemy of the spirit shall not be forgiven. 32. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him: but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.

Mk. II, 28. Amen I say to you, that all sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men. . . . 29. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, shall never have forgiveness, but shall be guilty of an everlasting sin. 30. Because they said: He hath an unclean spirit.

Lk. XII, 10. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but to him that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven.

II. The Explanation.

1) The sin of which Our Lord speaks.

a) Some say: a general sin,—final impenitence, resolve to continue in sin, or malice. But this does not seem to be what Our Lord has in mind in the words quoted above.

b) Others say: a special sin,—blasphemy uttered against the Holy Ghost.

i) It is a sin expressed in words: speaking against the Holy Ghost as the Pharisees had done, when they declared that the Spirit by which Jesus worked miracles and cast out devils was a wicked spirit, a devil. The passage from Mrk. II, 30, makes this fairly clear by adding: "because they said he hath an unclean spirit".

ii) Therefore while we may consider the sin against the Holy Ghost to be a resistance of evident truth, the blasphemy of the Holy Spirit consists in ascribing the signs wrought evidently

in proof of divine truth, to the power of the devil. (cf. Maas, St. Matthew, p. 148.)

2) The Consequence: shall never be forgiven.

a) Some say: Cannot be forgiven—because God has determined that He never shall forgive this sin which is so ruinous not only for the individual who commits it, but also for those who hear it.

b) Others say: Can hardly be forgiven,—it so turns the guilty one against divine truth and against the Holy Spirit, the source of grace and repentance, that they will only with the greatest difficulty and only rarely repent.

c) Others say: God could forgive, but He never will,—because those who are guilty of this blasphemy will actually never repent, since they have wilfully closed their eyes to the only light that could lead them to heaven; like a man groping his way through the catacombs, who should extinguish the only torch by which his labyrinthine way is lighted. It is a fact that the Pharisees remained stubborn, even under the Cross.

Was Joan of Arc canonized because she saved France from the armies of England in a wonderful way?

No; she was canonized because of the holiness of her life, established by rigid investigation, and authenticated by miracles wrought through her intercession by God. You will find very interesting evidence for this in her life.

I recently came across a quotation from Macaulay: "The Church of England was begun by Henry the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderer of her guest". In what book of Macaulay's will I find this? Was Macaulay a Catholic?

The passage is certainly a forcible arraignment of Anglicanism.

a) You will find it in Macaulay's Essay on Hallam.

b) Macaulay, far from being a Catholic, was strongly prejudiced against the Church.

Some Good Books

The Reformation. By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. Extension Press, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago. \$1.25.

After a careful reading of Father Smyth's book, we do not hesitate to give it our heartiest recommendation. The seven discourses making up the first part were delivered at St. Mary's Church, Evanston, Ill., and were prompted, as the author informs us in his preface, "By the continued misrepresentations, by local teachers, of the Catholic Church in Reformation and pre-Reformation times". To these he has added chapters on the spread of the Reformation into the smaller nations and on its manifestations in the more common of the present-day sects.

We certainly commend Father Smyth's almost exclusive use of Protestant authorities to substantiate his statements. Green, Guizot, Macaulay, Hallam, Lecky, the Cambridge Modern History, among others, are called upon to testify to the life, doctrines, and aims of the Reformers, and to the results of their work. Frequent reference is likewise made to Encyclopaedias—the International and Britannicas—works that can be found in every public library.

The chapters towards the close of the book on "Outlook for Protestantism", "Why Does Not the Church Yield a Little?", and "The Present Prospects of Catholicism" deserve particular praise. The author's remarks on these topics manifest his good will to all outside the Church, especially the well-meaning among the Episcopalians—a knowledge of the past and a keen outlook into the future; they are well adapted to rouse interest and thought in the mind of the reader.

The New Black Magic: And the Truth About the Ouija Board. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. The Devin Adair Co., New York.

While Conan Doyle, Lodge, and a host of others are making propaganda for the new paganism, Spiritualism, it is a distinct benefit to have sane and clear-thinking men of science point out the dangers of the so-called "New Revelation". Such a man of science is Mr. Raupert and his work is a convincing, clear and sincere warning: Stop, look, listen.

The claim of Modern Spiritism is stated from the writings of Spiritists: to put a new religion in place of Christianity. Mr. Raupert does this in a pointed and sincere way in the first two chapters. The refutation that follows in the remaining chapters—is done with the sureness of touch and earnestness of manner and force of conviction of a man who speaks from experience and intimate knowledge.

One thing Mr. Raupert establishes: Spiritism—"is a movement of thought in violent and bitter antagonism to the Revealed, Supernatural Truths of Christianity, tending to separate the human soul from the supernatural order and reducing it to that state of helplessness and naturalism from which Christ came to set it free".

Catholic Bible Stories. By Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. Extension Press, 223 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. \$1.25.

This is just what you will want as a Christmas gift book for your little son or daughter, brother or sister, nephew or niece. It is handsomely bound in red cloth and stamped in gold, with cover design illustrating the text: "Come unto Me, Little Children". The thirty-two stories from the Old and New Testaments which it contains will interest the children—the author had them in mind while writing—and we would not be surprised if many a grownup would enjoy them too. Just take the opening chapter entitled "Where the World Came From". It begins: "Make yourselves comfortable, for we are going on a long journey. We are going back thousands of years, before the first man had been made; farther still, before the first animal had been made. The earth was then covered with forests. Not a bird twittered, not a fly buzzed. There was no noise but the noise of thunder and rushing water, the noise of wind and tumbling rocks."

And then there are pictures—a real Christmas book must have pictures—thirty of them, all copies of famous masterpieces with the appropriate text from the Bible underneath. If you regret the purchase of this book, we are greatly mistaken in our estimate of it.

Lucid Intervals

"Heah Ah comes back from de wah an' finds yo' married to Baltimo' Joe, an' yo' done swore to be true to me."

"True? Was you true to me when you kept writin' all about your engagements with dat big Bertha ovah thah?" —Life.

"Did you fall?" said a man rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement one morning last winter.

"Oh, no," she said, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped shirt and a more wonderful checked suit and had the vacant stare of "nobody home" that goes with both.

The dentist looked at his assistant. "I am afraid to give him gas," he said.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how can I tell when he's unconscious?"

It was one of those rare occasions when Attorney Guernsey lost a case and he wasn't feeling so very happy over it.

"Your profession doesn't make angels out of men—does it?" said a medical friend, teasingly.

"No," snapped Lou, "that's one thing we leave to you doctors!"

"The time will come," thundered the suffragette orator, "when women will get a man's wages."

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat, "next Saturday night."

A Bostonian was showing a British visitor the sights of the Hub. They were driving past Bunker Hill monument. Not wishing to make any pointed reference to the fact that at one time we had been fighting with our cousins, the Boston gentleman merely indicated the monument with his thumb and said: "Bunker Hill."

The Englishman looked at the hill intently and asked. "Who was Mr. Bunker, and what did he do to the hill?"

"You don't understand," said the

Bostonian. "This is where Warren fell."

The Englishman screwed his monocle into his eye, leaned back, and, looking at the top of the towering shaft, remarked inquiringly:

"Killed him, of course?"

The magician had begged in vain for someone in the audience to loan him a handkerchief, when an impatient voice from the gallery boomed forth: "Blow yer nose on yer sleeve, bo, and go on wit your tricks."

His Better-half (regarding him from the bedroom window)—"Where you bin this hour of the night?"

"I've bin at me union, considerin' this 'ere strike."

"Well, you can stay down there an' consider this 'ere lookout."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy. "I should whip whoever broke it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son. "Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, "coz papa's broke it."

"Waiter," he called, sniffing the air suspiciously, "what is this smell of fresh paint around here?"

"If you'll just wait a few minutes, sir," replied the waiter, "them two young ladies at the next table will be going in a minute, sir."

She was much interested in prison reform and was visiting a large prison one day.

"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" she asked of an inmate.

"No'em," responded the former burglar. "They're all here with me."

Fond Parent—Did you hear my daughter sing?

Returned Soldier—Yes.

Fond Parent—What did you think of her range?

Returned Soldier—I should say she ought to kill at three miles.

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